

It's your name Six, it's yours

by Codawren

Category: Halo

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Carter-A259/Noble One, SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-05-11 09:28:00

Updated: 2013-09-14 13:45:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:14:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,117

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Carter realizes knew so little about Six until one day he just had to know more. May or may not be a one shot depending on critiques POV

1. Chapter 1

I realised, as I watched the Spartan take their armor off, that I knew so little about my new Noble Six.

Brown chestnut hair tied up in a short cut ponytail and matching honey brown eyes, love heart shaped face and ivory pale skin from being in armor. She had thin muscle lines on her arm slightly attractive and was thin but very well shaped in her upper body specifically her chest, a thing that caused her to get a lot of attention from the ODST.

What first shocked me and the rest of the team was when we first saw her with her armor off we had to rethink everything. We thought she was a man, she refused to list the reasons why expect this list. One because she wore the men's armor, two she spoke with a voice filter, and three she hated the fact she was a god at her job and people complimented her on it. I didn't know her real name; she said I had to earn it.

I asked Kat for her file. Then I had to ask Kat again if she remembered seeing Six. She said there had been a training accident where one of the handlers got killed after attempting rape on two on the trainee Spartans. Six apparently was responsible for killing him, all she stated was that she was defending a friend and that Spartans like her are the reason why Hyper Lethal Vector's should never be trained.

Six stepped down from the armor station and raised an eyebrow at me. "You okay Sir?" She asked in that brave voice of a hyper lethal vector.

Only one word could describe her.

Beautiful.

"Just a sore neck, that elite threw a hard hit" I said lamely.

Six shook her head. "Sit now!" She demanded like a mother clucking at her child. She removed her gloves from the under suit they wore.

I did as I was told, curious as to why she asked me to do this. Six stood behind the chair I was on. Sure I could order her to tell me, or to go away but there was a beauty to Six that I wanted to see.

No one had ever seen a gentle side of her; she was always cold and certain of what she was doing. Never listened to orders from me because she had a better plan, she was like Kat expect she had the ability to slit someone's neck in their sleep, ditch the body and get away with it when they were on her team never to have it show on her record!

When we first had a proper conversation I swear the talk I gave her fell on deaf ears about being a lone wolf, she pulled her team mate's weight (hell even more!) when she had to work with someone.

I felt the soreness and tension in my shoulders fading; Six's hands were rubbing gently at my shoulders and neck. She was gently humming a melody; one that I guessed was from her home planet.

"What are you doing?" I said gently.

"I'm giving you a massage. What do you think I'm doing?" She responded. Six didn't respond like a soldier, she spoke like a friend. One that could be depended on, one that I needed,

"Activating a pressure point to kill me when I sleep" I accidentally let slip unconsciously.

Six moved her hands away laughing. "No promises that I won't" She joked.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"The elite cut the back of your head. Am I allowed to get a puncture kit and heal it, before your brains fall out?" Six smiled genuinely.

"Okay," I say. She leaves for a minute before coming out. "You should smile more often, it suits you" I am pretty sure she blushed because she almost drops the puncture kit.

"Thanks" she mumbled opening the kit pulling out a can biofoam.

"Where did you learn all this?" I question interested.

"I was often alone on field. Hated teams when doing high missions for the admirals, they were always either slowing me down or bitching about Spartans being better than them. Which was normal 'cause they

were usually ODS1" Six shrugged as if normal.

"Then why do you work so well with us?" I felt her hands move once more at my neck, I wince cleaning the wound. They were gentle and soft, unusual for a Spartan of her rating.

"Because I'm not the only Spartan now with no reason to fight anymore, you are all the same" She answered.

"Then why not tell us your real name?" I realize I just pushed too far.

She shuddered and pulled off her dog tags, handing to me I looked at it. No name, just a number. "I'd tell you but I don't know" Honesty.

"Anjasa" I say suddenly. stand up placing my hands on her waist to keep her steady as she looks at me with a little concern and worry on her mind.

"What?" She says.

"Anjasa means straight honesty Six, that's your name. That's your name" I kiss her forehead before walking off.

I realized I was leaving the most well informed member of our team confused. She turns and looks at me then the opposite side off the room, blushing.

Six put a hand to her forehead. "What the hell just happened?"

2. Chapter 2

I saw Six grumble this time as she tried to fix her wound on her hand. A small scratch I assure you but it was bugging her to all hell. Whenever anyone assisted her she snapped saying she didn't need help. It was the way she said it that freaked me out, like she was scared. That was wrong, Six was a hyper lethal vector, a soldier, she didn't get scared and yet...

She wasn't any of those things. She didn't like her job but she got it done.

She finally got her hand bandaged and ran out of the room when she heard lightning.

Guess she was scared of it.

I walked through the base to the main debrief room. She was leaning back on a chair that was resting on the comms table, she was asleep with her feet pulled up on a nearby railing. She looked like she was having a nightmare, I shake her awake after she starts whimpering. She shot up and saluted.

"Sir?" She queried.

I nod to get her to relax. "Sleep Six, you earned it" I say. She nodded and left. Three minutes later I was informed by our local AI Aunt Dot she was training.

Great.

It was nightmares that kept her up. I head to the comms and call to her.

"Anjas-Six my office now"

I nearly let my name for her slip. I had no clue why I was calling her up so late, it felt right she needed sleep. I headed to my office and sat on my cot which was comfier than the ones in the barracks we all shared.

Jun slept in the falcon.

Kat in her workshop generally at her desk.

Emile kind of had a bed in the armory.

Jorge was the only one to sleep in the barracks.

Six had been found sleeping in the medbay on one of the gurneys because she said the beds in the barracks were too soft.

"Sir?"

She knocked on my office door and I couldn't help but notice the black small tight tanktop she wore that just reached her navel with drawstring pants. She however had her shoulders held in a way that showed a soft looking sensual camisole underneath. Her brown hair pulled back, she looked tired anyone could see that. Hell! Jorge even suggested sedating her, and he got along with her the most.

"Here, now" I say commanding.

She walks up to the side of the cot.

"Sir?" She asks.

"Why didn't you say anything?" I ask running my hands through my hair.

"I-I don't...Sir there- I just..." speechless. She knew what I was taking about. Everyone was having those types of dreams but they generally

"Sit down Six" I say and she does as ordered on my desk.

"Sir I'm sorry if this is against orders but I'm fine" She denied.

She raises an eyebrow when I approach her placing hands either side of where her thighs are. "Don't lie Six you're supposed to be honest"

She pressed her forehead against mine hesitantly as if unsure. "Please tell me you know how to stop this" She half whispered. I moved and kissed her forehead.

"Don't ever let them in. You just need to sleep" I say, I don't

remember what happened but Six ended up falling asleep sitting up on the cot with me next to her holding her close.

"Don't worry, we won't lose this war because we aren't allowed to" I whisper in her ear.

3. Chapter 3

A black op had been chosen for Noble Team, only this was the worst type of black op mission for a Spartan to accomplish.

Black tie ball.

That meant dancing. Oh damn.

"Noble One and Six will be attending the event as a wealthy married 'couple' that are interested in investing in the UNSC/ONI joint missions. It's at a mansion ball room on the south side of Reach, we got a tip off that there was to be an assassination attempt. Six and One you are to find that assassin and stop him. That means full cover stories and yes, Noble Six you will have to wear a dress, Holland out"

I saw Six growl, I mean she practically growled at the colonel.

"We'll get it done sir," I say to stop her from being a bit too honest with the poor man.

Turning off communications I turned to the rest of Noble Team. "Kat your running surveillance, find anything out that you can, Jun and Emile your handling security at the door, Jorge any requests?" I turn to Noble Five.

"If that's settled, it looks like there's one last hurdle to get inside," He smirked. "Sir you're forgetting one thing that we may need a lot of spare guns, ammo, grenades and blackmail for" Confused I raised an eyebrow.

"Black tie required. Getting you in a tux Sir, and Six in a dress" Oh damn!

Damn.

* * *

><p>Six pulled her straight brown hair over her hair and placed in studded gold earrings, bright red lipstick in place, re-adjusting the stylish sophisticated slit black evening gown and stepping lightly in heels that made her slightly and sexily taller.<p>

That was the objective.

Be a weapon and be a trap.

She picked up the small gun and placed it on her inner thigh holster.

She walked out to the debrief room in style. She saw the men of her

team fussing over Carter who looked annoyed. Of course they hadn't noticed her yet. "Emile! This is a mission, not a date and..." The commander drabbled off when he saw her. She smiled cheekily and winked before taking in his full appearance.

"Boss this is Six, sexy deadly Six. She will kill you if you don't get it perfect" Jun smiled.

"Yeah that and life is short, and she's hot" Emile added.

Six raised an eyebrow. "And she's standing right here" She says deadly enough for him to know to shut-up. "Go with the blue tie. Are we ready sir?" She asks.

"Come on Six, let's get this over with" He looks at her in the dress, impressed by her choice in clothes. He held out his arm and she took it smiling.

* * *

><p>They arrive and place on the fake wedding rings and ID's in hand, Six is still being address as Anjasa and he's still Carter but not the commander of Noble Team. She gets every mans attention and even a few women. He's the luckiest bugger in the room.<p>

He drags her to the middle of the dance, she doesn't know how he knows to waltz 'cause she sure as all hell doesn't. She follows his lead with absolute trust and they both know what the emotion is when they look in each other's eyes.

He leans down, knowing their team, superior officers and ONI intelligence are watching. He bends down and kisses her straight on the mouth with no regrets.

"Thank-you Anjasa" He whispers when she kisses him back.

End
file.